Ally Sloper's Half Holiday

BEING A SELECTION, SIDE-SPLITTING, SENTIMENTAL, AND SERIOUS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF OLD BOYS, YOUNG BOYS, ODD BOYS GENERALLY, AND EVEN GIRLS.

Vol. II.—No. 79.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1885. [ONE PENNY.

ALL THERE AT BRIGHTON.

"Yes, dear, Poor Pa is down at Brighton, and has been recommended to drive as much as possible. Until the Livery Stable person wants his bill settled, Poor Pa says he will. Tottie Goodenough met Poor Pa by accident, and went for a drive along the King's Road. She says that "Snatcher," with spots painted on him, looks just like a real carriage dog, or better even, and that every one at Brighton appears to know Poor Pa."

[EXTRACT FROM TOOTSIE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

HOW SOME PLACES GOT THEIR NAMES—No. IV.

1. ROCKINGHAM (Northampton) derives its name from a touching domestic incident. In troubled times, the King of England took refuge in the hut of a cottager whose wife had lately presented him with twins. The king was discovered by his pursuers *rocking 'em*. They, taking him for their papa, took themselves off. Thus he escaped.

2. PRESTON (Lancashire)—Sarah Jane, the lovely daughter of the Earl of ——— (for certain reasons this name is suppressed), who lived in these parts, loved and was beloved by a poor peasant lad, Peter by name. This so incensed the haughty earl that he caused the unhappy youth to be pressed into the Navy. The country folk still point to the spot where the *pressed 'un* took the very last look (for the ship was an ironclad) at his beloved.

3. WARNHAM (Sussex).—In days of yore there resided, about two miles on the London side of Horsham, in Sussex, a disagreeable old Lord of the Manor, who, if he caught trespassers, would *warn 'em* off in a most peremptory manner.

A CANNIBAL.

ON the 12th December, 1782, a man named Blaize Ferrage was condemned to be broken on the wheel by the judges of Languedoc, in France.

On the day fixed for his execution a large body of guards assembled, fearing that the criminal might break loose among the crowd. The utmost fear and horror prevailed. Even when the man lay chained naked on the hideous implement of torture the peasants trembled and shrank back expectant of his rending asunder his bonds. Not until his mangled corpse was carried away to its unhallowed grave were they to be convinced that this Human Wolf was actually dead, and there was no more danger.

Who and what was he—this monster inspiring such dread? His thefts are described as countless, and he was supposed to have brutally ill-used and murdered close on eighty persons, for the most part women and girls.

He had, before this, been several times in custody, but had always contrived to escape. He hid away in a crevice on the wall of a naked precipice, towering in the air among the Pyrenees mountains far above the highest point that the ordinary hunter ever ventured to climb to. Here, crouching, he watched for the prey to satisfy his hideous craving for blood.

He was but of short stature, but possessed extraordinary strength, and as a boy was a terror to his playmates. As he grew up, his violent passions were wholly ungovernable, and his

excesses seem to have been carried on with impunity from the fear of his violence that possessed all about him.

He was a bricklayer by trade, but at the age of twenty-two abandoned work and fled into the solitary region where, during the next three years of his life, he lived the life of a beast of prey.

The case is most extraordinary, but there is no reason to doubt the truth of the few meagre details still to be found among the criminal records of the country.

He began by stealing poultry, sheep, and cows, sucking their blood and carrying them away, still quivering in the agonies of death. From this he took to waylaying milkmaids. It was impossible for the unhappy creatures to escape him. He was always well-armed, and was a dead shot. His strength was superhuman. Women were heard frantically shrieking as he dragged them away still alive.

The deadliest fear beset the surrounding country, yet nobody—not even soldiers—dare face the monster of the mountains He never left his fortress except when armed to the teeth. One day, however, when short of ammunition, he came down in broad daylight to a little market town to buy powder and shot. Several people recognised him, for all knew that it was he who was the murderer and cannibal, but none dare lay a hand on him. He actually strolled in their midst, bought what he wanted, and went his way unmolested.

At length a man of disreputable character, well-known to the police, thinking to curry favour with the authorities, effected his capture. Climbing the mountain, he pretended to be pursued and seeking shelter. A friendship sprang up between the two men. They undertook robberies in partnership, and gradually the spy contrived to lure him into an ambush, where he was rapidly secured, then tried and condemned to death.

Perhaps he was not hungry when he made this unfortunate acquaintance, and it is recorded that "the men he attacked and killed, he only ate through hunger. His greatest delicacy was young children."

* * * * *

"But about Uncle Benjamin!" said one Bright Eyed-Boy (by name Alexandry). "He'd take a lot of stewing, wouldn't he—and sauce!"

"A lot of sauce," murmured his companion (commonly called Blood-Stained Bill). "An awful lot. I couldn't, somehow, fancy Uncle Benjamin raw."

(Next week, an English Cannibal).

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** **Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest.**

JONES (Winchester).—*In the hope that the chances offered may suit some of our readers, we print hereunder your memorandum to hand:—*

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR BOYS?

PARTNERSHIP (Horticultural).—A thorough business and active man, without about £600, may have half-share in an established business, realising large profits.—For particulars, to G. B., 816, Messrs. Deacon's, Leadenhall street.

Here's a chance for Sloper Junior Let him tread the flowery path; shun the blood-stained, ghastly murder tales he heareth round your hearth. Let him bustle midst the sunflowers, cull the roses day by day. There's no capital required, you see. It beats "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."

——POLLIE PERKINS.—*You are, indeed, too flattering. Anyhow,* ALLY *will learn it off by heart, and get McGooseley to do the same, so that they may repeat it together. It will sound very pretty.*——W. J. (Rochester).—*We know the epitaph very well; he's quite an old friend of* ALLY'S. *Sorry you got* "run in" *trying to recover an umbrella which you thought was the Eminent's—but it's nothing when you are used to it.*——A. T.—*Not good enough, thank you.*——PEARLY (Honor Oak).—*Of course it was. What a funny girl you must be! Love from Tootsie.*——WM. SYMES (Brewery Road).—A. SLOPER, F.O.M., *would willingly add to your happiness, were it possible, but he's no room for the M.S.*——C. E. JAY (Brighton).—*Many thanks for your sketch,* "Sloper and Son bringing home their Michaelmas Dinner."——NELLIE (Salisbury).—*Sorry we cannot insert* "The Hunting Costume." *Love and kisses from the Eminent and Alexandry.*——W. E. (Leadenhall Street).—*It is one of the Dook Snook's many wheezes.*——J. BONNINGTON (Chelsea).—*Rather dangerous ground, we think. Thanks, all the same.*——D. B. KENNARD (Margate).—*It may be original, but it won't do for* ALLY.——SLOPER'S CHUM (Strabane).—*Poole, the Prince of Wales's tailor, supplies most of* ALLY'S *togs.*——LADY JACK (Une Petite Village).—*Tootsie's love. Of course, she is in earnest about her* "FOOTBALL CLUB." *Further particulars will shortly be announced.*——HARRY HACKING (Darwen).—*My dear boy, of course* ALLY *exists, and any day you like to call he'll* "take a walk down Fleet Street" *with you.*——N. F. B (Liverpool).—*There's very little chance of your getting the* "AWARD OF MERIT." *Do something desperate, then we may entertain it.*——F. R.—*No, we've not chucked your sketches away;* ALLY *objects to* "chucking," *on principle.*——AMERICAN NOVELTY CO. (Inventions Exhibition).—*Right you are.*

Rates of Subscription for "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday.

To any part of the United Kingdom, Continent, Canada, and United States of America, post-free.

3 months, 1s. 8d.; 6 months, 3s. 3d.; 12 months, 6s. 6d.

P.O.O.'s payable to W. J. SINKINS.

"THE SLOPERIES," 99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

——£1 : 1 : 0——

And the* "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT," *will be given for the most appropriate

BIRTHDAY PRESENT

sent to the Boy Sloper, who was born November 5th (Guy Fawkes Day). The value of the Present will not in any way affect Alexandry in his selection, and all Presents, except the Prize One, will be returned, if stamps be sent for that purpose. Address,

THE BOY ALEXANDER,
"THE SLOPERIES,"
99 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

*** *The List will close this day,* SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31*st.*

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

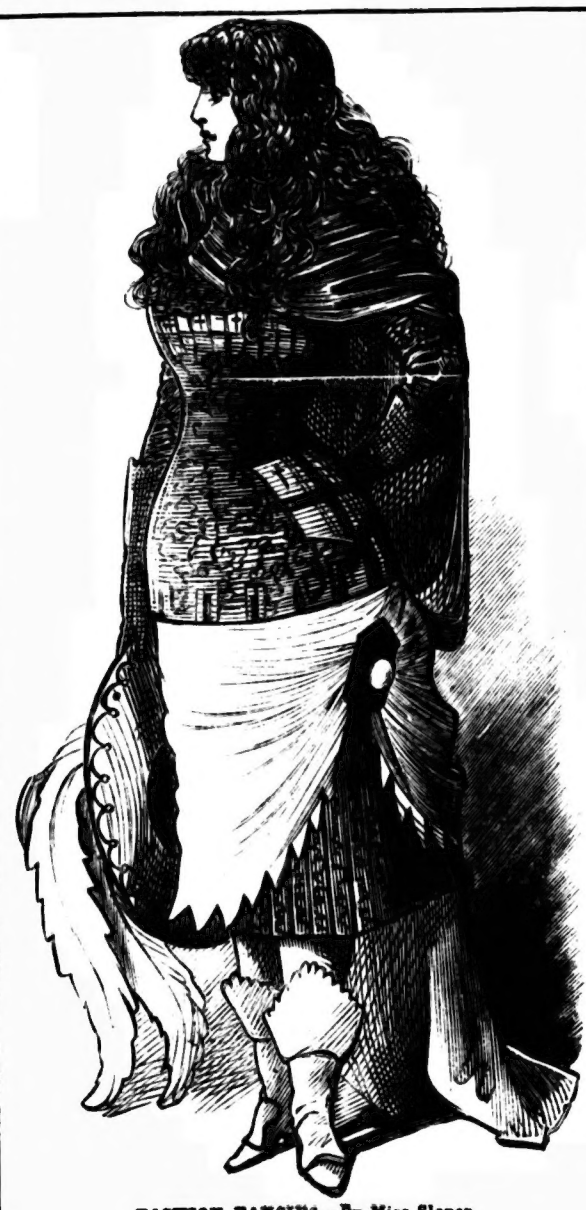
THERE was nothing in it, of course, but it gave us quite a turn the other day when we heard our butcher in conversation with his son. "George, have you taken off Mr. Jones' leg?" "Yes, father." "Have you put Miss Smith's tongue in pickle?" "Yes." "And taken out Mr. Brown's kidneys?" "Not yet, father." "Well, do it then, and look sharp over it."

* *

THE Earl of Pepperharrow has gone off yachting in his yawl-rigged ironclad schooner-brig *The Bantam*. Of course he invited me to accompany him, and, in the sacred cause of friendship, one would naturally brave anything—almost. But one must draw the line somewhere. "You'll soon find your sea legs, old boy," he said. And then I had to explain to him that legs were a secondary consideration if I could only find my sea—well—say lower portion of the chest. It isn't only the discomfort, but it's *so* undignified.

* *

MASTER SMITH will not kiss any more nurse girls for some time to come unless he is not wise. Master Smith, aged sixteen, taking a stroll in the neighbourhood of S——, met Miss Edith B——, and there and then took and kissed her right off without even asking permission. A mounted policeman being appealed to, charged Master Smith (probably with a drawn cutlass), and seizing him by the ear without dismounting from his fiery steed, led him in triumph to the police-station, followed by an admiring populace. Uncle Boffin, the presiding magistrate, however, saw less to admire in this gallant policeman's proceedings, and thought he ought not to have done it. Some one else thought Master Smith had been sufficiently punished under the circumstances, and suggested that he should now be let off. Nevertheless, the Bench thought he ought to be fined a pound, and so he was.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 79.—"The November Costume."

Intimate chums of dear old "Snatcher's" on the war path.

"The individual who will, on receipt of only two stamps, inform you how you may increase your income by £7 per week."—Apply to I. Moses.

MEE OW
"Thrice the brindle cat hath mew'd."—*Macbeth*

A specimen of artificial fattening, commonly known as bloatedness, expanded almost entirely by liquids. *Who'd be a Blue-ribbonist?*

THE SCHOOL BOARD.
Master. Thomas, you told me just now you did not draw this portr—this—in point of fact, *this!* But I see your initials to it. Now, a falsehood—— *Pupil.* Oh, sir, when you asked me I was thinking of my Latin and Greek."

I AM glad to see that the good old times are coming back again, and there are once more highwaymen in the Regent's Park. Luckily, as yet, nobody has been actually robbed, because the robber, who generally goes about armed to the teeth with a penny popgun, flies immediately upon the first show of resistance made by his intended victim. A good opportunity to write a letter to the papers, detailing (more or less truthfully) how you frightened a Regent's Park robber, now offers.

***

A PARTY of musicians happened to be travelling the other night by the last 'bus Owing to somebody's carelessness, the poor 'bus fell over. At first it was supposed that no one was seriously injured. But it appeared, on further inquiry, that one of the musicians had broken his trom-bone—poor thing!

***

GREAT improvements in things generally will shortly take place. For instance, the ladies and gentlemen using Billingsgate Market are going to swear off swearing. "Dash my wig" will, in future, be the most violent language allowable, and that only in cases where the person using the oath really wears a wig. During business hours it has been ordered that the fish salesmen wear white kid gloves. During the evening they will be taught dancing and deportment. The date of the first tea-and-bun banquet, to be given to the most deserving, has not, however, yet been fixed by the Lord Mayor. When you come to think of it, though, as the poet says, "What a day we're having!"

***

I KNEW an ancient spinster once
Who never smiled on men;
She lived a herm t in a hut
Remote from human pen!
She vow'd that she would never wed,—
A vow she might have spared—
For no man ever saw her face
Who was not sorely scared!

She had two cats that never stole
(So watchful was her eye),
Which never walked the walls at night
(Because no walls were nigh!)
And thus religiously brought up
Those feline creatures twain
Had never caused that ancient dame
A single moment's pain.

***

IN a case at Uncle Boffin's Court, a plaintiff being asked if he had sworn falsely, he very properly justified himself by stating that the defendant had done so as well. He was then asked if he was in the habit of swearing what was false, and he frankly replied that he was not, but that he had no reason to believe it would be the last time, as he intended to swear to other lies some other time—if he wanted to. Uncle Boffin was much amused.

***

LITTLE boys now play at hanging as a regularly recognized pastime. One little boy is hung up by the neck and kicks, and the other little boys leave him there and run away. Then he chokes to death, unless rescued. It is great fun. Older persons also play at it sometimes. It occurred to one Samuel Collins that he would hang himself from a tree to frighten two men passing by. They cut Samuel down whilst yet alive, and I understand he is to have his head shaved For my part, I should be sorry to see this playfulness discouraged. Perhaps murderers will hang themselves presently, and then look at the saving it will be! Evidently the impression has got about that it is rather nice than otherwise.

***

I AM a soft-hearted thing myself, and was once even softer. Upon one occasion I distinctly remember I saw a gentleman down a back street knocking a lady about the head with his boots, which he had taken off for that purpose, and, moved by a not wholly unnatural curiosity, I asked him whether he thought it a manly and invigorating pastime. Upon this the lady left off screaming murder, and asked me what business it was of mine, and, whilst I was thinking the matter over, gave me one in the eye, which laid me comfortably in the gutter. Their eldest born, aged eighteen years, coming up at this juncture, and happening to be in his stockinged feet, borrowed his father's boots, and kicked me in the mouth. I wear to this hour a double set of teeth in commemoration of this incident, but I have, on the whole, as a general rule, not very frequently tried to part a man and wife since then. It is against Scripture, and hurts a good lot.

***

ONE of the artfullest dodges I ever came across was that of the cabman, the other day, when the policeman wanted to take his number, covering over the first figure with his thumb, and leaving the second figure, which happened to be a nought, to represent the first. The man who is known to have attempted a fraud so diabolically ingenious, and so difficult to detect, is capable of almost anything. Even the Thames is not safe, if he gets hold of a box of waterproof matches.

***

BRONZED was his cheek, and grey his hair;
He wore the clothes that sailors wear;
He wrung his hands, he smote his breast—
I ne'er saw sailor so distrest.
What fetched me most? His streaming eye—
I can't abide to see men cry.
"Oh sailor, stanch that manly tear!
Here's the price of a pint of beer."

* * * * *

Though hard I struggled to forget,
That sailor's face would haunt me yet,
Till I could stand the thing no more,
And went to look up Brown next door.
I found poor Brown with visage pale:—
"A sailor man, with woful tale;
He wrung his hands, he smote his breast—
I ne'er saw sailor so distrest.
He wanted cash, I asked him 'Why?'
That sailor then began to cry——"
"He had you for a pint ——" "'Twas not
A pint, good sir, I stood a pot?"

***

IN one of the richest habitations in London, two young men belonging to the aristocracy gave a *fête*. After dinner, at which the guests had drunk a great deal, it was necessary to find something to amuse them. For this purpose, then, some boxers were sent for—six or eight sturdy fellows—and the company of ladies and gentlemen looked on at the pretty sight afforded by these men smashing one another's noses, and half knocking out one another's eyes, for, to keep within the strict bounds of truth, it is necessary to say that they fought with gloves on. Blood ran, however, and eyes were blackened, but the lives of the combatants were not in serious jeopardy. When one of the champions found himself fatigued, the struggle was interrupted for a few moments, and then fair hands brought brandy to comfort him, and charming fans refreshed his heated visage, and then the prettiest of mouths in the world gave the signal to begin again, and cried, "Time!" Are not these strange amusements?

***

GREAT weight has been removed from my mind by a recent leader in the *Telegraph*. It would appear that really "prime stubble-fed butter" can be made out of tallow-candles, black-lead, and rancid grease. We need waste nothing nowadays. It's shameful to do so. I think, if any honest tradesman in future is caught in the act of throwing anything utterly loathsome and disgusting into the dustbin, instead of having it converted into something edible for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, he ought to be severely punished. I am glad to see, at a moment like this, that there still exists an *Anti-Adulteration Association*. This is a comfort, as far as it goes.

***

THE other day a young man got fined fifty shillings for being tipsy and assaulting the police. There was nothing strange in that, surely, but somebody in Court thought so, and called out "Oh!" loudly. Uncle Boffin asked how he dare do it, and ordered him into custody. As, however, he could not be found, his worship told the usher to turn out the dozen nearest the door. A dozen O's ought to be a very round dozen, don't you think?

TOOTSIE ON THE ADVANCING INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

ALL well-regulated girls read Ouida. Some of them on the sly. Ouida is not only improving, but instructive to those who can think deeply, and those well-regulated girls who can't quite understand it all, can make out that it's full of beautiful words and mixed languages, mostly foreign.

The "S. T." Cab of the Future.

Here's a bit now:—"It was womanhood; not the womanhood of the *mondaines*, delicate and fragile as a hothouse flower, pale from late hours or faintly tinted with the resources of art, serene and harmonious in tone, in charm, in manner—the most perfect of all the products of artificial culture; but womanhood as it was when the earth was young, and when life was simple and straight as a rod of hazel; womanhood buoyant, healthful, forceful, fearless, with limbs uncramped by fashion and beauty, ignorant of art, living in the wind, in the water, in the grass, in the sun, like the dappled cattle and the strong winged bird."

I'm not quite certain where this sort of sample of a female feminine girl is to be met with outside a book, but it's too sweet, don't you think?

When Ouida speaks of the well-regulated girls behind the scenes, say at my old shop the "Friv," to which, by the way, I am thinking of shortly returning, she is not so flowery. For instance, here's an extract:—"My old man's in front, he'll be good for a necklace when he sees me in this here," said a water-lily, twisting herself round in the shortest and most transparent of gauze tunics. "A necklace of brass forthin's, then!" sneered the gold-haired wood-elf. "A ugly old cove like that, as is a filthy Jew-pawnbroker, by the looks on him."

Billy attended to by a Lady Doctor.

There has been a lot in the papers lately about the advancing influence of women. I myself think it quite right we should be more forward. One paper says, "when women know as much of the course of affairs as men know, they will certainly have almost as much to do with guiding them." I was not aware that they did not know as much already, if even they do not know more.

I look forward to the day when the "S. T." cabs will be driven by awfully fetching girls, and I can now see the Dook Snook under such circumstances, thinking a tremendous lot of himself. Billy, who always seems to be seedy now (I think he eats too much) attended to by a lady doctor would be very nice, at least, Billy says so. Then, again, when we shall all be allowed to go to places like Mr. Villiers' Pavilion, which is to be opened shortly, and mash the nice-looking singers he has there, —those are the days, as our contemporary says, when "We shall have a great deal less scrupulousness and a great deal more enthusiasm; a great deal less hesitation in calling a spade a spade, and a great deal more scorn for those who are anxious to point out the distinction between a spade and a trowel."

Lady Mashers at the Music Halls.

What do you think of Ouida after this? Is it not really a wicked libel on us poor hard-working girls, who have all at least one aged mother dependent on our scanty earnings The Dook says it's 'cruel."

No matter what Party you belong to

EVERY MAN MUST VOTE
FOR A. SLOPER,

The Public Benefactor.

Until quite recently, A. SLOPER, Esq., F.O M., T.O.E., T.W.M., *etc., etc., had carefully abstained from taking any active part in the Political World. Owing, however, to the pressure brought to bear upon him by* THE FAMILY, *and the Nobility and Gentry of the neighbourhood, he has kindly consented to come forward fearlessly at the coming Election as the*

MEMBER FOR SHOE LANE.

His chances of election do not worry the Eminent one bit. Of his return he feels quite certain. What really perturbs the Master Mind *is—To which Party shall he attach himself?* Conservative, Liberal, or Radical? *Ever anxious to please the majority,* ALLY *will do anything that benefits mankind generally. At a very influential meeting held at "*The Sloperies,*" it was decided unanimously to leave the matter entirely in the hands of the purchasers of "*ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.*" To do this, all that has to be done is for each purchaser of the paper to address a*

½d. POST CARD

to A. SLOPER, Esq., "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C., *with either of the following words written on the back:—*

1.—Conservative.
2.—Liberal.
3.—Radical.

The largest number received of any one of the three to decide the Party to which* A. SLOPER *is to belong. As this is a most Momentous Question, and may seriously affect the

FUTURE GOVERNMENT

of this Great and Glorious Country, it is earnestly hoped that everyone will send a post-card. "It can only cost you a halfpenny now, and it may save you hundreds of pounds in years to come." The Lists will be kept open until next Saturday, November 7th, and on November 21st the world may expect the result of the Poll, and

A. SLOPER'S MANIFESTO,

being a Special Supplement Gratis, crowded with Illustrations by W. G. BAXTER, *and guaranteed to curl the hair of every living creature.*

LATEST LONDON BETTING.

Since it has become known that SLOPER *is coming forward at the General Election, intense excitement prevails at the Gaiety Bar, most of the pubs in the Strand, and at all the West-End Clubs. The subjoined List shows the state of the Public mind on the subject:—*

1.—Conservative - - -	1,000 to 1 on Ally.
2.—Liberal - - - - -	998 to 1 on Ally.
3.—Radical - - - - -	999 to 1 on Ally.

A TRAGICAL LOVE STORY.

I KNEW 'twas your house my divine Angelina,
And I watched from the opposite side for awhile,
You were clad in pale pink, and I never have seen a
Much handsomer dress, or in prettier style.

One hand held the bun you were daintily eating,
The other a pencil and tablet, you know;
"You are counting," said I, "the sad hours till our meeting:
Oh, say, Angelina, pet, is it not so?

"What a dance, my delightful enchantress, you've led me
Through Love's thorny maze! I shall never be free.
That nod means assent when I'll ask you to wed me;
And you smile now because you are thinking of *me!*"

"My good sir," you replied, "you are strangely mistaken,
And all your fond rapture of lunacy smacks;
By your wits, in a word, you are clearly forsaken,—
We are getting in coals, I am counting the sacks!"

In a trice on my tricycle trusty I bounded.
"I hope you'll be *off!*" you exclaimed then. Alack!
I was; yet I was not. Oh, 'Lina, *confound it!*
You have got in your coals, so I'll give you the *sack!*

HOUSEHOLD PETS.—TOADS.

THESE are, it is true, a very rare and singular description of household favourites; but, inasmuch as there is no accounting for tastes, we need make no inquiries into the reasons for the strange predilection which makes these usually detested and detestable reptiles companions of the domestic hearth. The toad, however, despite its unsightliness and its evil reputation, is said by some authorities to be very gentle, inoffensive, and even affectionate; and will eat live blackbeetles, spiders, slugs, and other delicacies of a like description from the hand. It will thus be seen that the hand which fosters a toad as a household pet must not be particularly squeamish if it would gratify its favourite. After banqueting as above, the toad frequently presents a bloated appearance; still, no one outside Colney Hatch ought to mistake it for a bloater. At such times it likes to sit and swelter in a dark corner, or under a paving-stone if convenient, and there digest its repast: this might suggest to dyspeptic individuals the desirability of having the Claimant to sit upon their stoma hs after a hearty meal. This reptile—we mean the toad, not the other one—can exist a great while without food, or air, or light, or any other mortal thing essential to life; its favourite domicile being the interior of a block of stone from which there is no outlet whatever, nor any signs of any inlet ever existing: thus raising, when discovered in its retreat by splitting or sawing open the store, the very pretty problem how the creature ever got there. There are a good many toads of this sort among mankind—people in government situations, and others, who make everybody marvel how in the name of goodness they ever got in, and who are only dislodged from their position by some violent commotion. Persons, therefore, who like to philosophize upon human life, and institute comparisons between it and the economy of the lower orders of creation—a very improving exercise—may find the toad a useful and instructive household companion. For a more domestic favourite, the best kind of toad is toad-in-the-hole, which is in great request with children, and is very cheap and filling.

"SNATCHER" PRIZE.

£1:1:0: *and the* "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" *has been presented to*

DUNCAN MACLEAN, 6, Trafalgar Square, Brook's Bar, Manchester,

For the best idea (expressed in a six-line verse) as to what Breed of Dogs "SNATCHER" *belongs to.*

"S."

No wrangling terrier sharp and bold, with lofty thoughts from Skye,
Nor stylish spaniel sleek and meek, to please my lady's eye;
But a classic dog, whose waggish tail in ev'ry move makes known
Its ancient pedigree to be peculiarly its own.
'Tis more than Science can unfold—a breed without a name,
And when brave "Snatcher" dies, we know the breed will do the same.

"SNATCHER" *regrets his inability to answer separately the kind messages that have been sent him. So you must all accept his warmest thanks, and his assurance that he will ever follow closely in the footsteps of his Lord and Master.* A. SLOPER, Esq., F.O.M., T.O.E., T.W.M.

THE CHRONICLE OF A CRUMPET TEA WHICH WAS TO BE.

I HAVE recently had occasion to feel dreadfully ashamed of my fellow-creatures.

I have found, upon inquiry, that there are many persons moving in genteel society, decently educated, possessing some knowledge of foreign languages, music, dumb-bells, and the use of the globes, who haven't the faintest idea what is the difference between muffins and crumpets.

I have a female relative.

One poor wretch, living in Belgrave Square, thought a muffin was a *kind of tea-cake with currants in it!* And this after obtaining high honours at Cambridge University!

I have a female relative who is one of the dearest and best old ladies upon the face of the earth, and every now and then I go and see her, and take her a delicate present of six pennyworth of a particular kind of cough-no-more lozenge, which she has been taking in perfect confidence constantly for twenty-five years, with the idea that they will cure her cough; and so they will, I have no kind of doubt, in probably say another twenty-five years, if regularly gone on with.

Six months ago she said to me—(she thinks me a wild and dashing Lothario kind of fellow, and loves me all the more for it, I believe, for she is the mildest and most childishly innocent of living women; and I, who am of all created male creatures the most modest and harmless, do not altogether object to this cheaply-earned reputation)—she said to me, "I say, you dreadful boy (I am over forty), do you ever take tea? If so, come and take tea with me next Sunday."

"You old pet!" I rapturously exclaimed, "there's nothing in the wide world would give me greater pleasure."

"You great big story," said she, "I know you much prefer your wicked wine parties"—(I stock my chiffonier a bottle at a time from the family grocer's round the corner)—"but, if you *will* come, you shall have delicious watercresses and strawberry jam of my own making."

"May Heaven bless you for that promise!" I cried with fervour; "and I'll bring some muffins."

I take her a particular kind of lozenge.

She took me to her heart on this, and during that fond embrace murmured, "Make it crumpets!"

I said I would, and went my way. * * *

Sunday came. I started with a light heart for my aged relative's genteel suburb. I had made no provision about the crumpets. Somewhere round the corner, near her house, I could buy them easily, I flattered myself. Tea-time, six o'clock. I had a quarter of an hour to spare. Now for it.

There was, to begin with, no baker's open. I tried a small general shop. They did not sell muffins or crumpets, and had no idea who in the neighbourhood did.

I tried another general shop. They gave me the same answer. I tried a sweetstuff shop. They were rude to me. I knocked up a baker. He swore at me out of window. A greengroceress, with a kindly disposition, said a muffin-boy generally passed that way, early in the afternoon, ringing a bell; but she had no idea where he came from or went to, before and after his merchandise was disposed of.

I tried six coffee-houses. I walked up between the crowded boxes, and was derided. I put it in a confidential whisper to the proprietors, that I would give a crumpet's weight in gold—almost—if they would serve me, but they said they had none. After leaving one shop, I thought, "Perhaps, if they have not crumpets, they may have muffins. I'll go back and ask." I went back. The proprietor said, "Go to Jericho, you and your muffins too!"

I did not go to Jericho, I only went out into the street and tore out a few handfuls of hair. It was half-past six now, and ruin stared me in the face

At this moment I thought I would ask a policeman. I did so, and he directed me. The shop was some distance off, but I took a cab. I inquired for it at the corner of the street. They thought I should find it shut. I bade the driver gallop. I got there in time—for three muffins only. The crumpets were sold out.

I rushed out half attired to warn them off.

My female relative said, kindly, "Never mind Next Sunday, if you'll come and have tea with me again, I will provide the crumpets. * * *

Do you imagine me to be such a spiritless wretch as to agree to this shameful compromise? Half an hour before the time fixed for tea, I was in the muffin-shop street, searching for the shop. I walked the whole length of the street twice. Then I made inquiries. "It's shut," I was told.

"What, as early as this? Why?"

"The man who used to make the muffins is dead. He was only buried this afternoon."

Since then, by some extraordinary fatality, there has positively been a perfect mob of muffin-boys up and down my quiet back street all day long. And I have rushed out half attired to warn them off.

Why?

Well, I can't quite say, *but ever since that muffin-man died the touch of cold raw muffin makes me feel that awful creepy!*

HANS BREITMANN.

(*With kind love from his friend*, A. SLOPER).

Go read the "Brand-New Ballads,"
For many papers say
That anything so funny
Was not seen for many a day.
Hans Breitmann's famous Barty
Made laughter fit to kill,
But read the "Brand-New Ballads,"
You'll find them funnier still.
They only cost a shilling,
'Tis cheap enough, that's flat!
The illustrations in it
Are worth as much as that,
And every song or story
Is sparkling and alive,
It is the comic volume of 1885.
And if you'd give a present
(One of the kind that sticks),
You'll find that it will answer
As well for Eighty-Six.

WHAT SPORT, GUV'NOR?

Goiles. Well, Oi did thort fayther gi' 'im a kicker!

QUERY?

Which has the largest circulation. "Anyhow, 'ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY' has a larger circulation than all the other comic papers put together."—A SLOPER (on oath).

A GOOD DAY.

Man behind.—"Well, Jack's over, anyhow. Now it's my turn, I suppose."

AN OPTICAL DELUSION.

Scene—A COUNTRY STATION.

Traveller. Hi, guard, have you seen a man waiting about with one eye, of the name of Walker?
Porter (musingly). N—no, sir. I dunno as I 'av. What was the name of the other eye, sir?

GAMES FOR THE WINTER EVENINGS.

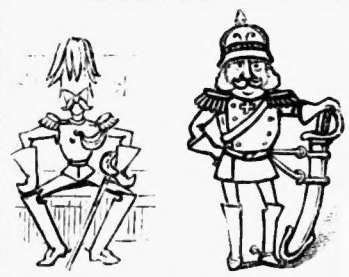
One Professional Gentleman to another Professional Gentleman.—"deer Fagin, now has nites is gettin' propper, shall be glad to move partis goods in town or country."

AT THE ALBERT PALACE.

Feeler. "What's that bulging out of your pockets—blackberries, eh?"
Little Wheedle. "Do, they're neldt; they're pockelthan'ch'fs. I've golt such a wretcheld cold in me hed!"

PIGCULIAR.

Old Pawkie. They say the new monkey at the Zoo is just like a human being. Pack of nonsense They'll find a pig next with a face like a rational creature.



ON GUARD.—In the Blues

Yet another German prince with £100 a year!

A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.—The beautiful dancing master at the Board Schools.

A FIRST NIGHT.

The wicked Dramatic Critic who is meditating what cruel things he shall say.

"Too true! *We are not in it*," thought SLOPER, when in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square not very long ago, having addressed a few rather insulting remarks, being in a mood for banter, to a little Frenchman, not half the size of SLOPER, respecting his (the Frenchman's) nationality, the little wretch, instead of doing a tremble actually turned on him (SLOPER), and after puffing a cloud of smoke into the *litterateur's* face, threatened to have him locked up.

Twitters (aside). This may be the one I shot; but how's it come to be so high?

Caught Red handed at the Crystal Palace.

"Is they beef or 'am, mum?" "Well, officer, if you must know, they're 'am." "Oh, is they? then I'll just trouble you to come along o' me to the managing director!"

"Take my purse and all."

"Try yer weight Kernal!"

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

THE SLOPER OF THE PAST AND THE SLOPER OF THE FUTURE.

1. THE SLOPER OF THE FUTURE.—Impossible! Yet, that stock—those feet—that umbrella! 'Tis he! 'Tis he!—and still at his tricks.

2. WHEN THEY REALLY DID WEAR BONNETS.—"Oh, SLOPER! if any one was to see my face! How I am blushing!"

3. DURING THE AGE OF REASON.—"Citizen the Marvellous, they say you have killed as many women as the guillotine itself."

4. AMONG THE PATCHES.—"In truth, you do look a mighty pretty gentleman; but I feel but half safe in your company."

5. WHEN THEY WORE RUSSET BOOTS.—"Fie, Sir Cavalier! thou hadst best ask permission first of Master Praise-the-Lord Barebones, my lawful spouse."

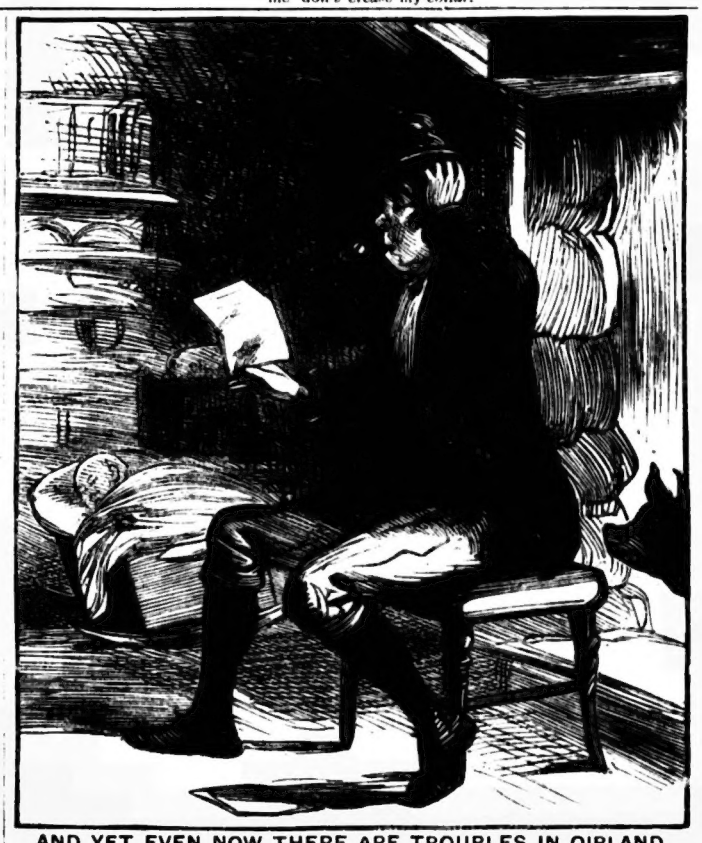
6. AMONG THE RUFFS.—"'S death and gramacery! my gallant sir!' if you *do* love me don't crease my collar."

A SLIP OF THE TONGUE.

She (encouragingly). Your step suits mine exactly.
He (nervously). So glad to hear you say so; I know I'm such a bad waltzer

A LATE VISITOR. [*Don't apologise.*

"A private gentleman is willing to advance sums from £5 to £5,000 without security. Send £1 1s. fee for preliminary expenses."—A. SLOPER.



AND YET EVEN NOW THERE ARE TROUBLES IN OIRLAND.

Pat (reading a letter from Australia) "Reply by return" Shure, and how can I write and tell him when he hasn't sent never his address, the careless spalpeen! What shall I do now? Och, shure, I'll write and ask him what his address is, begorra!

ALLY-CAMPANE.

DURING the absence of the Prince and Princess of Wales on the Continent, extensive alterations have been made at Marlborough House, the east and west wings having had extra storeys added. What a lot of strange stories the old walls, if they had tongues, might tell of the days of the Great Duke and his clever vixenish wife. The early life of the Great Duke, by the way, contained some odd, not to say ugly, episodes. For his first step on the ladder of fame, Macaulay tells us, His Grace was indebted to the fact that his sister, Arabella Churchill, was James the Second's mistress, which led to his being invited to Court. On one occasion, Macaulay says, he was nearly surprised by the King in the Chamber of the Duchess of Cleveland, but effected his escape by leaping from the window in time to save her reputation. She rewarded her lover with a present of five thousand of the King's guineas, with which the prudent young man bought an annuity.

***

IT goes without saying that much of the gin, brandy, and whisky which is consumed in public-houses in England is as grossly and dangerously adulterated as that consumed in the United States. A. SLOPER is honoured with a good many letters from correspondents, and if anyone would give him a few details on this subject, he will publish them with pleasure.

***

IN accordance with the promise made in "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" of October 17th, His Grace the Dook Snook begs to acknowledge the following subscriptions towards the "SLOPER UMBRELLA FUND."

	£	s.	d.
"A Lover of Sloper" and Friend (Lewisham)	0	0	2
Sir Chas Unsweetened (Hampton Court Palace)	0	0	0½
E. W. (Stoke sub Hamdon)	0	0	1
Arabella Fitzgush (Brixton Road)	0	0	3
C. F. Bretherick (Rochdale)	0	0	0½
Total amount received up to date	£0	0	7

Further contributions are urgently needed, due acknowledgment of which will be made in the "HALF-HOLIDAY."

***

A GAY old time for the London School Board Elections. Let us hope things will be a little more comfortable this year, and less all-round complaints. The Chairman of the London School Board said: "He would advise the electors to be very careful as to the men they are going to send to the Board—not men who would merely go to spout. The London School Board had built schools for 370,000 children, and there were 376,000 on the books. They had spent fourteen millions of money, and they had to show that that money had not been wasted. *That money had not been thrown into the sea.*" ALLY says he's very glad to hear it; he thought some of it had been.

***

THE warning usually affixed to the cages at menageries, "Do not approach the bars," ought really to be given in the case of "performing Zulus." At Leicester, one of these savages stabbed a man, who, suspecting that the Zulu was merely a white man painted, wetted his finger and touched him on the back. It is feared that the man who was stabbed in the face will lose an eye. The Eminent remembers that Mr. Farini's tattooed Greek Nobleman and the India-rubber Man were far less *touchy*.

***

HERE'S an awful business! "The King of Burmah replied in insulting terms to the British communication on the subject of the dispute between the Burmese Government and the Bombay and Burmah Trading Association, and declined to discuss the matter with the Indian Government. The Chief Commissioner of British Burmah applied for reinforcements before dispatching an ultimatum to Mandalay." What did the king say? Was it "Bah!" or "Pooh!" or what? And did he make a face and put his tongue out, or take a defiant Snook?

***

STRATFORD-ON-AVON Fair, the "Mop," one of the largest of its kind in the Midland counties, was held on the 12th inst. A feature of the fair was the roasting of five whole oxen and a number of pigs in the streets. The fair shows no signs of decay, and the town was crowded with visitors. Fairs were established in France about 800 by Charlemagne, and encouraged in England about 1071 by William the Conqueror and A. SLOPER's ancestor, who landed with William.

A MARKET constable was charged the other day with assaulting Mr. Jas. Colquhoun in the Central Fish Market. Mr. C. H. Salmon appeared for the complainant.

Mr. Colquhoun, an elderly gentleman, said that he lived at Notting Hill. He had been in the army, where he had held high positions. On the 26th September last, between six and seven o'clock, he went to the fish market. He went to the stall of Messrs. Maxwell and Co., and asked the price of the fish. The salesman replied, upon which he said the price was too dear. Some words followed, upon which the salesman called two constables, one of whom seized him by the collar and dragged him down a flight of steps in a most brutal manner, without asking a word of explanation. He was thrown into the street. Upon recovering himself, he went back to get the names of the men, when he was again seized, and a third man assisted in carrying him again to the street, where they threw him on his back. In consequence of the injuries received, he had to go to the hospital, and he had been an out-patient ever since. This seems a lively sort of fish market! No wonder a Salmon took up the case.

***

OUR Paris correspondent writes:—"A beggar, who has taken up his stand near the Rue de Rivoli, has carefully cultivated the qualities of his nose for the past twenty years. By dint of hard drinking he has succeeded in growing a nasal organ remarkable alike for its enormous proportions and extraordinary colours, which vary with the state of the temperature. A card stuck up by the side of his face informs the uninitiated that a red appearance of the nose confronting them is synonymous with "temperate" weather; for a rose-like colour they must read "warm;" and violet-coloured pimples mean "cool." The last reading of the nose, which had turned a beautiful lilac colour, was "cold." The Eminent is not sure whether his "Paris Special" is not a little personal!

***

THAT Brighton bigamy case was full of interest, and among the singular things that came out last week, was the fact that the bridegroom wanted to be married in a Highland costume. At this there was a laugh, though the reporter does not explain why. The papers must have done well with the Armstrong case in full swing. How about the appeal of Riel against the sentence of death passed upon him? Rather severe! What a day the merry lawyers seem to be having!

***

TO the inquiry of the anxious British parent, "What shall I do with my boys?" the Colonial College answers, "Send him down to Hollesley Bay, there to be practically trained for a Colonial career." Emigration as a means of relieving our crowded labour market is no new solution of the problem of over-population at home; the novel merit of the Hollesley Bay scheme lies in its intention to properly fit youths for the strange conditions of an up-country life. Hitherto, "our boys"—in nine cases out of ten town-bred, ignorant of farming, and unskilled in any handicraft—have been sent to the Colonies to shift as best they may, perhaps with a few pounds, more often with only a letter of introduction in their pockets. The consequence, as reiterated by Sala within the last few days, is that the streets of Sydney, Melbourne Acukland, and other Antipodean cities, are thronged with poor quilldrivers—a nuisance to themselves and a burden to the land of their adoption. When, however, practical effect is given to the plan proposed by the founders of the Colonial College, emigration will be converted from a doubtful into a positive good; and when the contribution of the mother country to the strength of her Colonies shall consist of youths sound in mind and body, manly and self-reliant, ready and capable of turning their hands to anything, the great work of the Federation of the Empire will receive an impetus that shall crown its labours with success.

***

CRIMES, cruelties, and disasters are on the increase; evil men wax worse and worse; indeed, there seems to be no end to the tragedies reported in the newspapers. One story which comes from Genoa takes precedence on the black list for its surpassing infamy, and the remarkable retribution which fell upon the perpetrator. It almost goes without saying that the crime arose out of a matrimonial squabble, which, arousing all the fierce passions of a fiendish husband, caused him to hack his wife to pieces. Not content with this, or perhaps to hide the evidence of his guilt, he saturated with petroleum the bed on which the woman lay and set fire to it. He then attempted to escape, but was overpowered by the fumes and was suffocated. So runs the tale of blood and fire, and Miss Sloper's verdict is "Serve him right!" One's betrothed could hardly have behaved much worse.

***

IF you want the straight tip for Trunks, Wabash, and Brighton A.'s, you ought to go and see that funny Scotchman played by Mr. Felix Morris at Toole's. He will make you laugh, you bet. By the way, I wonder if the Bishop of London, who seems to know such a lot about the ballet, had been in a similar position and received a telegram telling him to buy "trunks" whether he would have supposed that boxes were meant, or—ahem! Take care, only bishops may venture to expatiate on these sort of subjects. Miss Eweretta Lawrence is simply charming.

***

AMERICANS, it appears, have come to the conclusion that red-headed girls can be ignored no longer, and flame-coloured hair is accordingly to become the fashion. 'Carrots" are no longer a calamity, but a good gift of nature, with which a girl can go forth conquering and to conquer. Girls with dark hair will be left to languish in despair, for there is no known dye that will turn dark brown or black hair to the brilliant shade now yearned for. Blondes will not be at such a disadvantage quite, but if they want to get a bright, clear red, let them try "Judson."

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 7TH, 1885.

1st November, 1876.—The abolition of tolls between London and Brighton took place this day. The original erection of toll-gates, for the purpose of levying a tax for the maintenance of roads, excited violent opposition in England, and their continuance led to serious riots in many parts of the country.

1st November, 1771.—John Eyre was this day sentenced to be transported beyond seas for stealing a few quires of paper. He was worth £30 000, yet committed and confessed the deed. The difficulties of finding colonies for the transport of criminals made it necessary to substitute penal servitude for transportation. The oldest known piece of linen paper in existence is in the monastery of Goss, in Upper Styria. It is a mandate of Frederick II., Emperor of the Romans, and is dated 1242. The earliest mention of linen rags as a material for making paper, occurs in an account written by an Arabian physician, Abdollatiph, of a visit he made to Egypt, A.D. 1200, in which he states that the linen cloth "found in the catacombs, and used to envelope mummies, was sold to the Scribes to make paper for shopkeepers."

2nd November, 1845.—The statue of William IV. was this day set up in King William Street, facing London Bridge. The coronation of King William IV. and Queen Adelaide cost £37,000. The Queen was so anxious that no expense should be incurred on her account, that she would not permit either the purchase or the hire of a crown from Rundell's for herself, but ordered that it should be composed of her own jewels, and made up at her own expense. At the previous coronation, that of George IV., the charge of Messrs. Rundell, for the loan of jewels only, was £16,000, as interest on their value. The largest statue ever made was the Colossus of Rhodes.

2nd November, 1884.—*All Souls.* In Lancashire and Herefordshire it was formerly the custom for the rich to dispense oaten cakes, called *soul-mass-cakes*, to the poor, who, upon receiving them, repeated the following couplet in acknowledgment:—

"God have poor soul,
Bones and all."

2nd November, 1821.—Lord Byron's tragedy of *Marino Faliero*, having been translated into French verse, was this day hissed off the stage at the Théatre Francais, in Paris.

2nd November, 1870.—A land bailiff, named Murphy, was this day stoned to death at Templemore.

3rd November, 1793.—Mary Olympe de Gonges, a French authoress, was this day guillotined. Becoming disgusted with the brutalities of the Revolutionists, she turned her pen against them, and fell a victim to their vengeance. The total amount of victims of the French Revolution, from the statements of the Republican Prudhomme, was 1,022,351. It is in an especial manner remarkable in this dismal record how large a proportion of the victims were persons in the middle and lower ranks of life. The priests and nobles guillotined were only 2,413, while the persons of plebeian origin exceeded 13,000! The nobles and priests put to death at Nantes were only 2,160, while the infants drowned and shot were 2 000, the women 764, and the artisans 5,300! So rapidly in revolutionary convulsions does the career of cruelty reach the lower orders, and so wide-spread is the carnage dealt out to them, compared with that which they have sought to inflict on their superiors.

4th November, 1694.—The *Hannibal*, of London, arrived this day off Barbadoes with a cargo of negroes. Of 692 captives, 320 died on the passage; the rest, Phillips, the master says, "came out £19 per head, one with another." The official return of the population four years afterwards was 2,330 whites, 42,000 slaves.

"'All ready?" cried the captain;
'Ay, ay!' the seamen said.
'Heave up the worthless lubbers—
The dying and the dead.'
Up from the slave-ship's prison
Fierce, bearded heads were thrust—
'Now let the sharks look to it;
Toss up the dead ones first.'

"Corpse after corpse came up;
Death had been busy there;—
When every blow is mercy,
Why should the spoiler spare?
Corpse after corpse they cast
Sullenly from the ship,
Yet bloody with the traces
Of fetter, link, and whip."

—*The Slave Ship.*

Up to the year 1772 slaves were bought and sold openly in England. One Matthew Dyer, in 1756, advertised, "Silver padlocks for dogs and blacks;" and the *London Advertiser* of that year contains the following: "To be sold, a negro boy, about fourteen years old, warranted free from any distemper, and has had those fatal to that colour; has been used two years to all kinds of household work, and to wait at table; his price is £25, and would not be sold but the person he belongs to is leaving off business.

5th November, 1635.—Thomas Parr, "Old Parr," died this day at the age of 152. His habits were extremely temperate, and it was supposed that his death was hastened by a change of diet. James Bowles died at the same age in 1656. 'Old Parr" married his first wife at the age of 80. At the age of 105 he was obliged, in consequence of an intrigue with Catharine Milton, whom he afterwards married, to do penance in a white sheet at the door of the parish church of Aldersbury. Parr was buried on the 15th November in Westminster Abbey. *Old Tom* (as applied to gin) derived its name from one of the partners in Hodge's distillery at Millbank—Thomas Chamberlain, familiarly known in the distillery as Old Tom. His department was the superintendence of the distillery operations. One of the *employés* of the firm, a man named Norris, left their service, and opened a "gin palace" in Great Russell Street, Covent Garden, and he—out of respect to his old master—christened a cordial of Hodge's make "Old Tom," a name which is now general for a fine quality of gin.

5th November, 1878.—An heroic act of bravery, on the part of two British sailors, was performed this day at the burning of a French ship in the river Adour. When the vessel blew up, with 500 barrels of petroleum on board, the captain of the *Annabella Clark*, with a seaman named M'Intosh, at once put off in a small dingy to the rescue of the French crew; and although their boat was enveloped in flames, and they themselves were all on fire, they hung on to the mainsheet of the blazing vessel till they had succeeded in rescuing the two men left on board. No man who wears the Victoria Cross ever earned it for greater bull-dog pluck!

6th November, 1882.—An advertisement in *The Times* of this date offers for sale "the original Lingham God, from the Temple of Delhi;" and states that "it is estimated that 5,000 millions of Hindoo women have worshipped at the shrine of this god. The idea of a *deity* being offered for sale in an English newspaper is somewhat incongruous.

6th November, 1602.—A political pageant, called *England's Joy*, was represented this day at the Swan Theatre. This theatre stood near the site of Blackfriars Station in Southwark. It fell into decay in the reign of James I., was closed in 1613, and was subsequently used only for gladiatorial exhibitions. Yet in its time it had been well frequented; for a contemporary author says, "It was the continent of the world, because half the year a world of beauties and brave spirits resorted to it." Before the building of Blackfriars Bridge in 1766, there was a ferry at this spot, for the conveyance of traffic across the river.

7th November, 1665.—On this day, the first *Gazette* in England was published at Oxford, the court being there on account of the plague. On the removal of the court to London, the title was changed to the *London Gazette*. The *Oxford Gazette* was published on Tuesdays, the *London* on Saturdays. The word gazette originally meant a newspaper, or printed account of the transactions of all the countries in the known world, in a loose sheet or half sheet; but the term is with us confined to that paper of news now published by authority. It derived its name from *gazetta*, a small coin formerly current at Venice, which was the usual price of the first newspaper printed there.

THE CABMAN FIEND.

THERE was a hansom cabman—Jim,
I ne'er knew such a one as him;
Lord, how he'd swear, and how he'd drive,
I don't think any man alive
Could any way with him compare,
Save "Ben, the hackney coachman rare."

There was a hansom cabman—Jim.

It was a theory with J.
Foot-passengers were in the way;
And, finding such about the town,
On principle he'd run 'em down.
I think myself that he was right,
Though people mayn't have liked it quite.

There's me, I am a cabman too,
And do what Jim he used to do;
And when I see an ancient dame
A trifle deaf, and blind, and lame,
I straightway raise a hideous cry,
"Hullo! old cup o' tea, hi! hi!"
Lawks! ain't it just a hawful spree
To see that ancient's agonee!

Save Ben, the hackney coachman rare.

Here comes the moral, though:—poor Jim
Into his head once got a whim,
And thought that he himself would go
A-walking up to Rotten Row.
It chanced, half-way in Half-moon Street,
I happened with poor J. to meet.
* * * * *
Well, I'm short-sighted, that was why
(*You'd* stick a hi-glass in your hi);
I didn't know him from the back,
And run him down in half a crack.
* * * * *

He's now a shattered wretch.

Poor Jim! 'tis not at all a stretch
To say he's now a shatter'd wretch;
I ne'er see sich a sight as him—
Cab-drivers, warning take by Jim!

ALL ABOUT PHOTOGRAPHS.

HERE is a very nice case. A gentleman I am acquainted with was left in charge of a photographer's business, and whilst waiting at the door, succeeded in inducing a loving couple to be taken "both in one frame." They made such a sweetly pretty picture, sitting there close together, with his arm round her waist, in a protective kind of attitude, and she smiling up at him, hopeful and confiding, that they gave an order right off for half a dozen copies, which my friend printed next day; also printing an extra one to hang up outside the shop, as a kind of inducement to other loving couples to come in and do likewise. At the end of a week, however, the gentlemanly part of the couple called and said it was all off between them, and he would thank my friend to take down the picture, as he had just got engaged to some one else, who mightn't like it if she happened to pass that way. My friend said he would think the matter over, but he rather fancied he should want to have half-a-sovereign if he gave his consent. The applicant then retired, for the purpose of selling out to raise the capital required; and the first young lady called in to say that she particularly wished the picture to remain where it was, as a warning to ladies in general. Upon this my friend said he thought he should be compelled to ask a sovereign if he granted her request, as some recompense for the annoyance it might subject him to, and the young lady also retired to sell her back hair and a few front teeth to meet his demands. In the meanwhile, the other young lady that the party had got engaged to came and smashed the glass of the case, and knocked my friend backwards among his chemicals. At present the case stands thus, and my friend has a bad black eye.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

*** A. SLOPER *wishes to assure his patrons that every letter that is published under the title of* "THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX" *is bonâ fide, and a Prize of £100 and the* "AWARD OF MERIT" *itself will be given to anyone who can prove the contrary.*

TEMPLE, *October* 15*th*, 1885.

MY DEAR ALLY SLOPER,—Many thanks for your kind mark of appreciation. Truly yours, MONTAGU WILLIAMS.

MR. HARRY BODKIN POLAND presents his compliments to ALLY SLOPER, and begs to thank him for the picture which came to hand yesterday.

5 PAPER BUILDINGS, TEMPLE, *October* 16*th*, 1885.

12 FULHAM PARK ROAD, S.W., *October* 16*th* 1885.

DEAR MR. SLOPER,—I have to thank you very cordially for your quaint and comic souvenir and charter, which will naturally become an heirloom in my family.—Yours faithfully, ARCHIBALD FORBES.

HAYMARKET THEATRE, *Friday, October* 16*th*, 1885.

DEAR ALLY SLOPER,—Kindly accept my sincere thanks for the honour you have bestowed upon me.

Yours very truly, ALICE LINGARD, F.O.S.

DRURY LANE THEATRE, *October* 16*th*, 1885.

MY DEAR ALLY SLOPER,—Many thanks for the great and distinguished honour you have conferred upon me. You have made a proud and happy man of Yours, ever to command,

HENRY PETTITT.

ARTS CLUB, HANOVER SQUARE, *October* 17*th*, 1885.

MY DEAR SLOPER,—I am deeply moved by the honour you have conferred on me, and I trust that I may always remain worthy of your "Award of Merit," and that the history of your remarkable career, so charmingly portrayed thereon by Mr. W. G. Baxter, may beneficially influence the further existence of Yours,

FREDERIC VILLIERS.

P.S.—A friend of mine is anxious to know if there is any pecuniary advantages attached to this Award? And with the greatest respect to his Eminence the Eminent, would suggest cash remittances?

HOMESTEAD, NETHERHALL TERRACE, HAMPSTEAD, *October* 18*th*, 1885.

DEAR MR. SLOPER.—Pray pardon my delay in acknowledging the receipt of your honoured "Award." No feeling of disrespect for your venerable character prompted me to postpone my reply; but a wish that Nance and Jess, whose efforts have induced your kind old heart to include me amongst the certificated ones, should themselves express their sense of the honour done to them through me. As you know, Nance is nearly always in Buckinghamshire, and Jess is in such an enfeebled condition, excepting for a few minutes every evening, that it has been difficult to ascertain her views on the subject. Hence the delay. However, I have at last succeeded in interviewing both. Nance says that when she returns to Creslow, she will spend the first hour at home, in hanging your beautiful picture in the room you have seen I dare say you noticed the walls were rather bare; but, of course, she is not well off. She thinks that Kit may ask uncomfortable questions about the old gentleman represented; but she will avoid any explicit statement about the bulbous nature of a certain feature, and will assure him that your heart is sound, if the sound organ be a little debilitated. She asks if the artist was named Hogarth (would you kindly let her know this?) and says she will never forget your generosity, for which she returns her humble, grateful thanks. Jess declares she 'as ter tremp about that fearful, a pictur ain't no good to 'er. Yer mus' be jolly rich, ter sen' them things to everybody wot pleases yer. But she's quite 'appy for Nance to 'ave it. She'll keep the guv'nor's letter. She carnt read—no, nor write neither; an' she rather guesses YOU carnt do that least, cos o' that there splatterin' all over the place like. But p'reps yer wrote it with yer umbreola. Ven she's up trempin' aroun' yore erristercretic street, she'll git a bobby ter show 'er yore 'ome, so's she can jus' step in an' shake yer by the 'and, an' tell yer 'ow 'earty glad she is yer liked 'er wen yer seed 'er.

Poor Jess! she's very unrefined; but you will forgive her roughness, Mr. SLOPER, when I tell you that she has a true woman's heart beating beneath her rags, and that I believe (though, please, let me whisper this) she is more proud of your goodness to her, and more grateful, too, than her sister; for all Nance looks the nicer. I hope I haven't tired your poor old eyes with this long letter; but I wanted you to know what we all thought of your kindness, for which, our thanks.

MARY EASTLAKE.

AGONY.

'Tis night, and in the heavens the silvery moon is high,
And, with a shooting earache, in bed awake I lie;
The caterwauling cats along the tiles each other chase,
Oh, would to Heaven their sires had been of the Kilkenny race.

The honest watch-dog's hideous howl doth to the moon complain,
I'd like to hang that honest dog in his own iron chain;
The worthy copper's heavy tramp resounds along the street,
Oh, would some burglar slew that man upon his endless beat!

Will morning never dawn?—alas! how slow the hours go!
But, hark! a chanticleer has now commenced his chronic crow.
I would the hated cats would eat that male misguided fowl,
And they, in turn, in person stop that house-dog's awful howl.

I turn my throbbing head, and try to sleep once more—but no,
The milkman's cry from out the area comes up "Milk below!"
I wish his milk was chalkier still, and he—unhappy man!—
Was doomed to slake his thirst from out his own well-water'd can.

'Tis six! the hours are chiming—I wish each molten bell
Was melted in the hottest forge that burns throughout all—well,
I won't say where; but Burns was wrong when, of all pains, he chose
Toothache, and not earache, as the worst of human throes.

NOT TO BE *TRAMPLED* ON.

A PARTY once thought he would take a twopenny ride on a tramway car, but refused upon principle to pay his twopence until he reached his journey's end. He also refused to give his name and address, or leave the car, but asked to be given into custody. He was so far accommodated, and when brought before the magistrate was discharged. After this the tramway company brought an action against him, and the matter came on for argument in the Court of Queen's Bench, the result being that the Judges decided the twopence ought to have been paid in advance; so the party with the principles had to pay a fine of one shilling—and (I almost forgot that) the costs of the appeal, which were about a hundred pounds besides. If a sarcastic smile is anywhere observable about the back of A. SLOPER's head, don't allude to it.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

ALLY TO HIS YOUNG FRIENDS.—All that is necessary for the perfect enjoyment of the fragrant sausage is—*confidence*.

THE cheapest wine you can drink The wine of other people.

ON a cold day one likes to see the fire getting up, yet one grumbles at a rise in coals.

THE Pleasantest Ringing in One's Ears—That of the dinner-bell.

A FACT.—Some of SLOPER'S jokes, recently read aloud to one of Singer's sewing-machines, made it laugh till the tears came to the eye of its needle.

IT is low enough to live in an attic, but a ground floor is a basement.

GIRLS should not try a soldier's patience, because he can stand a tease.

THE young lady with speaking eyes has made them quite hoarse by over-using them

LAPS of Time.—Old coat-tails.

MOVING for a New Trial.—Popping to Mrs. No. 2.

FOUR FLIRTS.

THEIR CARDS, AND HOW THEY PLAYED THEM.

(Commenced in No 54.)

QUEEN OF CLUBS—*(Continued).*

SELECTING from them a letter written on thin foreign paper, he read it carefully, pausing now and again to look up at me with a long eager wistful look.

"Estelle," said he, suddenly, "your grandfather—is he good, kind to you?"

"Far more than I deserve," I answered, with a twinge o conscience as I thought of my clandestine meetings with Arthur.

"And you love him?"

"With all my heart and soul—better than everything else in the world, except——" and here I made a sudden awkward pause.

Sir Harry Arundell.

"Except the person whom I saw you with this evening, I suppose."

I blushed and looked steadily at the pattern of the faded thread-bare drugget.

"And this Mr. Sherrard—he is your mother's father, is he not?"

"Yes," I answered, wondering more and more at the intention of these questions.

"And your other grandfather—what of him?"

"I know no other, I have no relations in the whole world but him. My mother died when I was a baby; my father I never knew; he—he—I cannot tell you about my father; he was a cruel, wicked man."

"Do not say that, Estelle,' said the stranger, gravely; "you must not say that, for—I am your father's father!"

He held out both his hands to me as he spoke the words, but I shrank back and looked in amazement and mistrust into his clear-cut marble face; and never was I more pleased at my grandfather's return than I was at that moment, when I heard his step upon the pavement beneath the window.

Another minute and he entered the room, and started with surprise at the unwonted spectacle of a visitor, a stranger, at such an hour.

"Mr. Sherrard," said my father's father, "we have never met before. I am Sir Harry Arundell." And he held out his hand.

My grandfather clasped both his behind his back, and his face assumed an expression of anger I had never seen it wear before.

"What is your business here?" he asked. "This—this—is an intrusion!" And with a trembling hand he threw open the room door with a gesture to attract his visitor's attention to the act.

"I have come to do a deed of justice—to repair a wrong."

"The past is irreparable," answered my grandfather, passing his arm tenderly around my waist, and drawing me towards him. "The past is dead, and though never to be forgotten, let us not needlessly disturb its ashes."

"I must speak of the past, Mr Sherrard."

"Better not, sir—better not, Sir Harry; for, though I am an old man and a feeble, I may forget myself when I come to talk of the villainy of your son. I warn you! I warn you! There have been moments when I would have gladly given my life to see my child's betrayer stretched dead at my feet; and—and the blood that flows in your veins flows in his; and if you speak to me of him I may be tempted to visit the sin of the son upon the father."

"My son is beyond the reach of your enmity, Mr. Sherrard," replied the other gravely.

"Dead—is he dead?" cried my grandfather, with such an expression of triumphant joy as to be, even to me, almost repulsive. "Has Heaven's vengeance reached him at last? How did he die? Tell me, tell me—was he a man aged before his time, with sunken cheeks and hollow eyes—did he totter to a hovel half-starved, clothed in shame and covered with disgrace? Tell me he died like this—like his victim. Tell me that want and disease and misery killed him. Tell me that Heaven is just."

"Hush, dear! hush!" I whispered, pressing the old man's arm. "Remember, he was my father."

"Yes, Estelle, he was your father," said Sir Harry Arundell, turning to me, "and with his dying breath committed you to my care. I have here," and he pointed to his pocket book, "papers of the greatest importance to you; the registry of your birth, your mother's marriage certificate——"

"Marriage certificate!" cried my grandfather. "Then she was married to him?"

"She was his wife, Mr. Sherrard. His sin was not so great as you believed, and you, Estelle, have no cause to blush for your mother's memory."

"Blush for her mother's memory!" repeated my grandfather, "you dare speak those words? No, there is no blush for the actress mother, but a bitter crushing shame to crimson the cheeks for the 'gentleman' father who cast off his wife—yes, still greater shame to him since she was his wife—drove her from him, when he was tired of her, with a trumped-up story of a false marriage. Well, well, Sir Harry Arundell, you have told us this much—what more have you to say?"

"This. I promised my boy, as he lay repentant on his death-bed, I swore to him that I would find his child and adopt her as my own."

"Take her from me!"

Sir Harry bowed his head.

I felt my grandfather's arm, which still encircled me, tremble as it tightened about my waist.

"Your son robbed me of my daughter," he said in a voice which, though low, was full of intense emotion; "your son robbed me of my daughter, and you would steal away her child! What is that child to you? You never saw her till to-night, while from me she has never been absent from the day her mother died. To you she is a mere name; to me—she is—my—very life."

What is your business here?

"Mr. Sherrard, she is an Arundell," said Sir Harry, proudly. "My relationship to her is the same as your own, and, though I hesitate to refer to your poverty, you must allow that, as Estelle Arundell, it is your duty to consider her future, and to ask yourself whether you or I are best fitted to bring her up to grace that station of life to which, by her birth, she is entitled."

"Stella, darling," said my grandfather, with tears in his voice, turning and looking at me with unspeakable yearning devotion in his eyes, "I love you too well to mar your future. Will you go with Sir Harry Arundell?"

(To be continued in our next.)

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

A View of Cockleton-super-Mare when visited out of season by an Unthinking Tourist. The Lodging-house Keepers bore down upon him presently in a body, and * * * *

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Backed the Winner. On a wrong 'un.

THE ART OF THE FUTURE.

DEDICATED TO MR. HORSLEY, R.A.

Friend (*cautiously*). I have seen many a worse picture painted by Professionals.
Amateur. Oh, hang it, don't! I've been painting these twenty years, an', 'pon me honour, this is the first time my work has been compared with those fellows!

A FIGHT FOR A PIPE. An Incident in the life of Theebaw, King of Burmah.

This is Jack doing a quiet pipe. "Ullo!" says Theebaw, "I will take it from him." "Give you my pipe! I'll see you blowed first" So Theebaw collars it and runs away.

They are going to fight for it. In earnest too. Theebaw getting the worst of it.

"Don't knock you about any more? Very well, find the pipe, and then I won't. Settled. Jack's walk and pipe resumed.

A. SLOPER'S ILLUSTRATED SHAKESPEARE.

"Why doth the Jew pause?"—MERCHANT OF VENICE, *Act* iv. *Scene* I.

MOORS THE PITY.

Sportsman of the New School. Doosid good practice, this! *Ditto Old School.* Practice!—what for!
New School. Oh!—ah!—Hurlingham—you know.

"When all night through a chap remains on sentry go, to chase monotony."

Portrait of a young Peer who was recently "chucked" from the "Proms."

PARSING, FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

1. Indicative mood, present tense—I love. | 2. Past tense—I loved.

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